THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1852. | WHOLE NO. 1596.

Choice Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

[Lines written by the late Miss Marion H. Rand, to a friend with whom she had been intimate when quite young.]

Do you remember, Bessie dear,
Our childhood's happy hours?
When we were like the butterflies
That frolic in the flowers.
So heedless of the coming ill,
That Time's quick flight was bringing,
In the rich blessings God was then
Upon our pathway flinging.

Were we not thoughtless, Bessie dear—
Our own gay hearts deceiving,
That for such mercies day by day,
Sent up no glad thanksgiving?
The world's bright sunbeams round us poured,
And clingingly we loved them;
Was not our Heavenly father right,
When kindly He removed them?

Childhood just ripening into youth,
Long, long ago we parted,
Still loving, yet to tell the truth,
We were not broken hearted.
And many years we've lived apart,
By joy and sorrow chequered,
Till now the past no longer bears
Its pure and stainless record.

Oh, many a cloud with threatenings rife,
Our earthly hopes hath shaken,
And faint and wearied with the strife,
Still we are not forsaken.
The heaviest storm hath passed us by,
The darkest cloud is riven,
And we have learned to look beyond,
With treasures laid in Heaven.

Yes, we are altered, Bessie dear,
Yet gladly we are proving,
We have not lost in womanhood,
Our childhood's power of loving
And closer bands are round us now,
And holier links are given,—
One Saviour, who has sought us both,
One Faith, one Hope, one Heaven.

Original Novelet.

EOLINE:
OR,
MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "RENA," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Why art thou sealed in silence here, light of the dewy night?" exclaimed he, his eyes beaming with pleasure, and sitting down beside her. "And why seems thy spirit sad, oh, blue-eyed daughter of Glenmore?"

"And why dost thou seek me, son of the moonlight hour?" answered she, smiling, in the same ossianic style, to which she was accustomed from his poetic lips. "I dwell in darkness here—wide over me flies the shadowy mist.—Filled with dew are my locks." As she spoke, she attempted to gather them in her hand, and he might well have addressed her, as "the maid with far-wandering hair."

"Do not," he exclaimed, with a deprecatory motion. [illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.

INDIANS PLAYING BALL.

The Ojibway Indians, in playing ball, do not strike it with a stick, but use a small scooping net, by which the ball is seized and thrown a considerable distance. Playing ball is a favorite amusement with many, if not all, of the Western Indians—and it would be well, if it were more practised among us. It is a fine, invigorating exercise. And we err, in neglecting,

"The bodily joys which help to make us wise."

It wanted now about a month of the Examination, an event which was contemplated with no little anxiety by more than one dweller in Magnolia Vale.

CHAPTER VII.

The approaching Examination was a kind of pivot, on which every thought and action now turned. Miss Manly had a remarkable power of awakening the ambition of her pupils. She had so constantly placed before them heroic and striking examples, that almost all looked forward to the time, when the epithet *Great* would be attached to their names, and immortality [illegible]

Eoline looked upon Miss Manly with respect. There was much in her of the material of which martyrs are made and heroes moulded. She seemed to have forgotten for the moment all her artificial dignity, and expressed herself naturally and energetically, as any strong-minded woman would. She was displaying one of the rich, thick satin stripes of her character. What a pity the flimsy gauze would sometimes appear!

"You have astonishing energy and perseverance," said Eoline. "I have seen you with wonder and admiration sustain a weight of care, sufficient to bow many a strong man to the dust. But if I had my own will, it would be the last vocation I should choose."

"I know it well, Miss Glenmore. You were [illegible]

[illegible] regaled herself sumptuously under the tree, while they supposed she was shedding rivers of tears.

Jerusha had not a particle of malice or revenge in her disposition; and the next night she told Eoline she was mighty well satisfied, and she liked to be with Miss Manly a heap better than she expected—that she hadn't scolded her one bit yet, and she didn't mean she should.

A scene occurred about a week afterward, which left an impression on Eoline's mind, not to be effaced. They were all assembled in the music-room to practice some of the anthems for the Examination. The room was very large—and lighted with innumerable windows, which were all left open, as the night was excessively [illegible]

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AGNES.

Her wretched brain gave way,
And she became a wreck at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven.

Long remained Miss Seabright with her head bowed upon her hand in bitter thought. Twice a servant came and announced dinner, without her seeing or hearing him. The third time when he approached and spoke close to her ear, she raised her head languidly, and said,

"Ask Miss Joe to dine without me."

And when Miss Joe herself came in with anxious inquiries about her health, and affectionate offers of tea and toast and jellies, she answered, with a bitter smile,

"Oh! be easy, dear friend, a little fasting will not hurt my flesh and blood!" Day waned, and still she maintained her silent and thoughtful posture. Night came, and a servant entered with candles. The glare of light aroused her, and looking up, she saw the dark face of the man turned ashen grey with fear. "What is the matter, Cæsar?"

"Light on de island, Miss Seebite! You can see it plain as star ashinin!"

"Light on the island? Well, I will go and see myself. Where can this light be seen from?"

"From de garret window, Miss Seebite, sure as you're born."

"Go on before me!" she said, rising from her [illegible]

[illegible]

"No, honey! that wa'n't it. Bless you, they thought of that at once, and lit more pine knots, and separated, and run all around the coast of the little islet and flashed their lights about, and couldn't see of a boat on the waters!"

"Then I am at the end of conjecture! Come! let us go down! It is cold up here. Take up the candle, Cæsar," said Miss Seabright, turning from the room.

"Yes, let's go down! it is so cold up here! And supper's ready in the little red parlor!—That's what I come to tell you when these niggers all followed me! I told Milly, long as you hadn't eat any dinner, and felt sort o' low spirited, to get supper airly, and br'ile a pair of pa'tridges! A cup o' good, strong young Hyson tea, with light biscuits and br'iled pa'tridges, is very good for lowness o' spirits! I know it, 'cause I've tried it myself!"

They hurried through the bleak passages, and down stairs.

Miss Seabright, preceded by the servant bearing the candle, and followed by the old lady, entered the parlor. The comfortable little parlor, with its thick carpet, heavy curtains, soft sofa, bright fire, and elegant tea-table, was certainly a specific for mere low-spirits. The old lady bustled past Garnet, and set the urn upon the table, burning her fingers slightly, and rubbing them, while she exclaimed, cheerily,

"There now! sit down! As there's no one here but you and me, you know, you can draw the end of the sofy to the table and loll on that, while I pour out your tea and butter you a biscuit. Cæsar! you cut up that pa'tridge for your young mist'ess—not *that* one, you stupid creetur! t'other one, it's the plumpest. Now you see, honey! the maids have got through their day's work, for a wonder, and I have got time to stay in the parlor and enjoy myself 'long o' you! And so we'll have a jolly good evening—you can loll on the sofa and enjoy yourself with your low-spirits and cologne bottle—only don't waste it! and I can sit here and patch my old gowns, and talk about old times!"

Garnet looked at the good-natured face of the old lady, and felt compunction for the answer she was about to make—

"I am sorry to spoil the plan of your evening's entertainment, Miss Joe, but I am going to explore Hutton's Island to-night!"

"Going to explore Hutton's Island to-night!" exclaimed Miss Joe, dropping knife and fork, and staring at her.

"Yes."

"*You!*"

"The Lord have mercy upon her! I've been havin' of my misgivins all this time, but now I *know* she's a little deranged!" said Miss Joe, to herself. Then speaking aloud, in something of the tone one would take in addressing a sick and delirious child—"No, no, honey, don't think of it! You're sick, you know, and it is cold and dark and dangerous! Then it isn't proper for a young lady to do such a thing, anyhow!"

Miss Seabright smiled a queer smile, as she replied,

"For the first objections, my good old friend, cowardice is not one of my weaknesses—for the last—" she paused, and her smile deepened in meaning—"I made a start in life by quite innocently perpetrating a heinous—a fatal—crime? no! *impropriety*. I broke no law of God or man! Yet I am told that for that I shall be banished from society, *unless* I *do* commit a sin in open day, in the face of society, who will then forgive me!"

"Mad! Mad!" said Miss Joe, to herself, gazing at the ironical girl.

"Well!

"'What's *banished* but set free!'

I will do whatever I please! conventional or unconventional! I will break no law of God's or man's! and after that is said, all is said for me! For the rest, I will do whatever my spirit impels me do, whether the world likes it or not!" said Garnet, speaking more to herself than to another, and rising and ringing the bell.

"Mad! mad! mad! and getting worse every minute," said Miss Joe, hurrying out, and has- [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE MARSEILLES FARCE.

The complete correspondence between Com. Morgan, Captain Long, Consul Hodge, and Kossuth, completely unveiling the difficulty at Marseilles—has been published. We see nothing in the correspondence to lead us to alter the opinions we have frequently expressed in relation to this matter. So far from this, the affair is even more disgraceful to our naval and consular representatives in the Mediterranean, than we had supposed. They evidently mistook the character of Kossuth from the very start—they supposed they had a half-dead exile to deal with, and he turned out to be a live apostle of Freedom, his words glowing as from lips that had been touched by the coal from the altar. What could such "*respectable*" gentlemen—who doubtless believed that liberty was an excellent thing, "*in the abstract*"—do with a man whose heart and soul were all a-fire with the great idea, that Freedom was not only the right of the crushed masses of Europe, in the abstract, but as a present reality? Well might that no doubt very worthy and estimable old gentleman, Commodore Morgan, write to Consul Hodge as follows:—

SPEZZIA, Sept. 23, 1851.

My Dear Consul:—Such are the necessities and frailties of human events, that, after all, the Mississippi will be at Marseilles within a week, with Kossuth.

The devil seems to possess this gentleman.—He contemplates leaving the ship at that place, with his wife and children, for England, and to join her again in twenty days thereafter, at Gibraltar. His determined wilfulness is unconquerable, and the ship will speed to your city within a few days. He is utterly ungovernable, and I am compelled to hasten him out of this country. *He is like a firebrand.* The whole bay around was illuminated last night.—Bands of music surrounded the steamer, and he was always ready for applause.

The public authorities are alarmed to utter confusion, and they ran about the streets, having all the appearance of somnambulists. Good morning. In great haste.

The above is the gem of the correspondence. It has, however, an appropriate setting. Surely, such very anxious and discreet gentlemen as Messrs. Morgan, Long and Hodge, never before represented a great nation. They were afraid to let Kossuth even show himself on deck, when in an European port, lest the people should hurra, and thus "compromise the American flag." They could not have been more careful had they been the ardent friends and advocates of the Butcher of Naples, and the Perjured Usurper of France—instead of being, as we would like to suppose they are, warm Republicans in their opinions and feelings.

It would be a needless expenditure of white paper and printer's ink, to copy the whole of this correspondence. The following, from Captain Long to Consul Hodge, will denote the current of this naval gentleman's thoughts:

I am exceedingly mortified that a man who should hold a position so high in the world, and one whom the United States have done so much to exalt, has so far forgotten himself as to take such a course to revenge his imaginary injured feelings on the nation that is setting him free. *Would to God he was safe out of this ship, and I trust he will never return.* In my opinion, the party to which he has attached himself will be his ruin. The first step he has taken was his unfortunate speech in Spezzia, which he can never recall; and I think if the Government knew as much of his course as you and myself, they would drop him where he is, or when he arrives on English ground. *Oh, that I could get away from this port.*

I do assure you that it is the most unpleasant duty I was ever on, and God grant I may soon be delivered from it, and *never more* be caught in such a net *again*. I think you had better write to Kossuth, and request him not to compromise the flag by allowing such communications to appear in the paper, *Le Peuple*, which have a bearing on his affairs. Yesterday, thinking that he was tired of hearing such a *reiteration of trash* as the people were singing and cheering, by his retiring from the side of the ship, I *politely* said, "I think if you would withdraw, the people would leave, and *we shall be quiet.*" He did for a few moments, and then returned and made them an address in French, and afterwards retired. After some more noise they dropped off, and *all was quiet.*

Yes, "all was quiet," and the nervous and excited Captain could at last get a little repose. His mental sufferings seem to have almost surpassed description. "Oh, that I could get away from this port!" "Would to God he was safe out of this ship!" "God grant that I may never be caught in such a net again!" cried he, in the depth of his spiritual perplexity. Would it not be well for the Secretary of the Navy to grant Captain Long a leave of absence for nine or ten years, in order to enable him to recover from the severe shock which his system must have received at Marseilles?

A second letter, of the same date, from Capt. Long, says:

After I had written you, this noon, I called on Kossuth, and read to him the part of your note commencing "articles on this affair, and the above publication, and what has followed, he compromised me and our flag with the Government." He replied, "that he had sent a letter to a friend, and did not object to its being published." It was thanking the people of Marseilles for their sympathy; but *if he had received your request before he had heard of your letter, he would not have done so.* He said he would reply to the speech of the people, and that he would write you on the subject, as his having compromised the flag was a heavy charge. I told him it referred solely to the publication of the letter, and what followed. He said he would settle that point with our Government, either in England or in the United States.

He said to me he could not account for our course—*being an independent nation, he should have thought I would have thanked them yesterday for their compliments to our flag.* I told him that all I asked of him was what our Government required of me, to conform to the laws of the country in whose ports we were visiting.

We have quoted from the letters of Commodore Morgan and Captain Long; we will now extract a paragraph from one of Consul Hodge's effusions, in order to show that he was not a whit behind the others. He describes his interview with Kossuth, as follows:

Captain Long met me at the gangway, and handed me M. Kossuth's letter of the 28th of September; I glanced rapidly over it, and clearly saw the object; it was a *miserable subterfuge* to quit the frigate, in order to go to England, and remain longer there than the steamer, with any propriety, could be detained at Gibraltar.

I remained some time in the cabin before he made his entrance. In a theatrical manner, he asked me to walk into his state-room. Somewhat excited, he began by stating that I had accused him of compromising the flag of the United States, which was a grave charge—that I had not acted as the representative of an independent nation of fifty millions. As he was under the banners of my country, *I kept cool, and quite collected*, and told him I regretted that he had misconceived my letter to Captain Long. He replied that he had not—that I accused him of compromising the flag, which was a grave charge, and he should appeal to the people of the United States. He often mentioned the people, and that they should know that I had driven him from the Mississippi. I stated to him the excitement of the city, of which he had the proof by the boats around the steamer, and the dense crowds on the jetty. *I wrote as the prefect of this department requested.* He ranted about prison, national insult, &c., &c.

I was anxious to place the affair in its true light, so that the sober second thought might calm down his malignant feelings *toward this Government*, which he was venting on Captain Long and myself, as the authors of his intended departure from the steamer, and not of his own intention. Before he went on board, *I assured him no offence was intended*, and that nothing could be more distant from my mind; that I had no diplomatic power—was only a commercial agent, and was bound by my instructions to obey and respect the laws of the country, which was my duty, and I should do so. Here was the tender point. These always were in opposition to his ungovernable will. Fearfully excited, in a louder tone, with insolent gestures, he said, "Yes, sir, the laws of the country; but not the whims of M., the Prefect. If only a commercial Consul, you are perfectly acquainted with the laws of diplomacy, &c., and you should never permit, as the representative of an independent nation, any insult." He repeated over and over, that I had driven him from the Mississippi; he would appeal to the "people of the United States," "his letter to be for the people," "prisons," "grave charge," &c.

I answered him—My limited powers as Consul do not extend far; when at sea you will have nothing to do with me; even on board of this steamer, at this moment, I have no authority. I know the Prefect or Governor of the department; I shall respect him as such, as well as the laws of the land; and in this affair his orders came from Paris. *He talked of "prisons" as if he really thought he was in one*, and that I should have resented the order. I found it useless to reason with him. He imagined his miserable excuse would release him from the stain of ingratitude and gross insult *to the people* of the United States. Tired of the continuation of this unpleasant scene, I wished him a pleasant voyage, bowed, and retired—I in a cold and respectful manner, he like an Oriental satrap. The crowds in the boats, and on the jetty, cheered with loud shouts as the steamer beautifully dashed through the new port, which were returned by the strangers, and men and women, all on the poop of the deck. I came ashore in the pilot-boat.

Our readers will be struck with the remarkable fact recorded in the second paragraph of the above, that Consul Hodge "*kept cool and quite collected*"—although they may not be able to perceive any unusual merit in so doing. They will also observe in several places a ludicrous attempt to characterize all disrespect shown to Consul Hodge-(podge) and Captain Long, as an insult to "the Government" and "the people" of the United States. Kossuth seems to have made a proper distinction between them.

It is needless for Kossuth to write or publish anything relative to this Mediterranean difficulty. We have heard *one* side, and—a very unusual thing—that is sufficient. That he was surprised and indignant at the conduct of the American representatives abroad with whom he first came in contact, was perfectly natural.—He reasonably expected to meet with warm Republicans and sympathizing friends,—he met with men who sympathized more with European despotism than European liberty; men who did not represent the national opinions and feelings. This is the sober and unpleasant truth—and the less that is said about it, the better for Commodore Morgan, Captain Long and Consul Hodge.

RATHER STRONG.

In the speech of Kossuth before the Legislature of Ohio, the following passage occurs:—

"Sir, there are two (?) remarkable coincidences. *The State of Ohio and myself have the same age.* The very year when your Constitution was framed I was born. *My breast has always heaved with intense interest* at the name of Ohio. It was as if something of supreme importance *lay hidden for me in that name*, to which my future was bound, by the very year of my nativity. *This day my anticipations are realized.*"

Is there any "blarney-stone" in Hungary? Or did M. Kossuth pass through Ireland on his way to this country? The American people have proved, again and again, that they can stand any decent amount of flattery; but if our Ohio friends can relish the above, they have stronger stomachs than we had given them credit for. Friend Kossuth—we respect and admire you much—but are you not running your "mission" a little too deep into the ground? We are afraid your team will be brought up all of a sudden, one of these days, if you are not a little more careful. We have a keen sense of the ridiculous, we "Yankees"—and are pretty wide awake, even amid our "hip, hip, hurras." Already your great clerical champion, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, has begun to talk of his having been "*intoxicated* with the Kossuth enthusiasm."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

The ever-glorious 22nd of February was celebrated at Washington on Saturday evening by a Congressional Banquet, at which Senator Stockton, of New Jersey, presided. Speeches were made by Mr. Stockton, Attorney-General Crittenden, Mr. Bayly, General Scott, Judge Wayne, Mr. Toombs, Mr. Dawson, &c. The speakers generally took strong ground against Intervention—Mr. Stockton and General Scott did not touch the subject in their addresses.

ELOQUENCE IN MAINE.—The West has heretofore rather borne off the palm for eloquence, but we doubt whether there is a stump orator from Ohio to Texas, who can surpass the following, from a recent speech of a member of the Legislature of Maine. He was discussing the Liquor Law, and defending its author. Mr. M. said:—

There are efforts to destroy the character of Mr. Dow, but they will be in vain. Place him on the top of a powder mine, and touch the mine with powder enough to blow him up to the third or even the seventh heavens, as Elijah went up in a chariot of fire, where then, will be his character? It will be here, shining as brightly as ever; while he will be shaking hands with old father Elijah, in paradise!

Apropos to the above, a correspondent of the New York "Journal of Commerce" gives the following explanation of the motive that prompted the passage of the Maine law. He says:—

"The State of Maine is a country of wild and mountainous forests—a State which cannot produce its own bread; and the very fact that this Jesuitical law was enacted, was owing to the *poor liquor*. In that State not a barrel of good wholesome liquor or a dozen of good wine could be procured. Consequently the law was passed." That's it—good liquor or none!

We are afraid that if a similar law is passed in all the States where "*poor* liquor" abounds, there will be very few that will allow the sale hereafter. That doctrine of "*good* liquor or *none*," would play the mischief with ninety-nine grog-shops in the hundred.

KOSSUTH'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.—This letter, in relation to the printing of which the United States Senate was so "*exercised*" one day last week—see Congressional News—contains the thanks of Kossuth, the "assurance of his everlasting respect and gratitude" to the Government and people of the United States. He also embraces the opportunity to reiterate his sentiments in respect to Intervention to enforce Non-Intervention. He says:

"Neither the pangs of exile, nor the egotism of my patriotic feelings, nor the interests of all those nations whose rights and wrongs I plead before the mighty tribunal of publicity, will ever induce me to desire that the United States should, for our sake, put in jeopardy their own welfare, and the prosperity of this glorious home of liberty. But—"

As the reader can guess by this time what follows that "but," we need not quote any further. Our answer to Kossuth, is—

Dear Mr. Kossuth:—We feel the woes and wrongs of Hungary to the very bottom of our hearts, to say nothing of our pockets; but—

GEN. WOOL.—This gentleman is said to be opposed to Kossuth's doctrine of Intervention, and to war generally. We are glad to hear it. But we have one question for some of our Democratic friends. Suppose they should nominate the General for the Presidency—would there not "be a great cry for a very little wool?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 Second Near Dock Street, Penna.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., printed with despatch, in the most elegant manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Gambler's Wife," we said Mrs. and Mrs. Lee Beatty "Esqrs.; or, Madonna Vane," we design commencing

VIOLA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Southworth's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Thus will stand our array for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be fortunate if our readers are not quite ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will be the topic of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets named will be sufficient to fulfil our duty in commencing proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not forget to furnish our readers with the judicious matter accompanied in a good degree of the current events of the day, under the head of EDITORIAL PRESCRIBAL, together with the CHAIR OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hastening at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

In the view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post? Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.

We might, at least, take a couple of hundred at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper, or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, needy-pauly writers with sentimental names, instead of paying those worthy of a Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a wretched course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand the difference between what is and what it is printed upon, and is therefore done at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, the Chair laid before the Senate a report by the Secretary of the Interior, in compliance with the request of the opponents for Pensions under the various Pension Laws of the United States.

Mr. Clarke presented the petition of one hundred citizens of Providence, Rhode Island, praying that a grave was about to consecrate the last efforts in behalf of the cause of peace, and that the present session of Congress would not close without the adoption of some measure for the establishment of a permanent system of international arbitration.

Mr. Underwood reported the bill making land warrants assignable, with amendments. He said he was not content in the House amendments to the bill because

Mr. Rusk said that, at the issue of Kossuth, he was opposed to the passage of the bill, and he was still in his memory. Now, that war was not the question, he would vote in any such light. The House amendments were not to his liking, but he would move not profession make motions, and raise issues, but would vote for the passage of the bill as it came from the House, and vote for everything they propose, they say that Kossuth's invitation and reception by the Senate, the appropriation of the ship to bring him here, and the speech delivered upon record. The Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Badger) had said that he would not vote for the bill unless the Senate was convinced. He (Mr. Rusk) would say that he was ready to do so. He would vote for the bill, and he was ready to do it now. He would vote for it because he considered entertaining Kossuth and his suit in this city, in the manner proposed, was the duty of the Senate, and he would vote for it because he considered it was the duty of hospitality, and now, when he proposes to leave the country, he would vote for the appropriation to bear him out of it.

Mr. Badger said that the Senator from Louisiana (Mr. Soulé) had said that he would be ready to vote for the bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not forget to furnish our readers with the judicious matter accompanied in a good degree of the current events of the day, under the head of EDITORIAL PRESCRIBAL, together with the CHAIR OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hastening at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

In the view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post? Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.

We might, at least, take a couple of hundred at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper, or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, needy-pauly writers with sentimental names, instead of paying those worthy of a Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a wretched course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand the difference between what is and what it is printed upon, and is therefore done at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, the Chair laid before the Senate a report by the Secretary of the Interior, in compliance with the request of the opponents for Pensions under the various Pension Laws of the United States.

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Mr. Clemens said that he would be willing to vote for the bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

Mr. Rusk said that he would be willing

Selected Poetry.

MY CHILD.

BY M. E. C.

I have two little darlings,
With eyes of deepest blue,
There's joyful love for mother,
And all the world for you.
I watch their every motion,
I hear their every word,
And all the day I listen
To the pattering of their feet.

They love to hear me tell them
Of the mother's in the sky;
Then they show me how they love her,
They fly my heart with gladness,
With fondness and praise.
They chase away my sadness,
And leave no misery days.

Though many other blessings
Around my footsteps fall,
My children and their father
Are chief among them all.
My life means centered with joy
Whene'er I look on them,
And they the brightest jewels
Within the diadem.

Then blessings on my darlings,
Bright blessings from above,
For your love makes heaven richer
Than not a mother's love
Could make it, were it happiness
Throughout time unity years.
To God then be the glory
Within the centre of Heaven.

N. O. Freeman

Pictures of Life.

A NEW ENGLAND SQUIRE.

FROM "INDIAN LIFE,"
BY H. MARVEL.

Frank has a grandfather living in the county, a good specimen of the old-fashioned New England farmer, who, when he was still the world over—I know of no race of men, wise, talent together, more upright and honest in their willingness, and more of those elements of comfort, which go to make a home beloved, and the metal basis firm, than the New England farmer.

They are not brilliant, nor are they highly refined; they know nothing of arts, historical or dramatic: they have only as much of older matters as their histories and newspapers lend them; in the fashionable world they hold no place—but in country life, where all is nature, in substantial knowledge, and in manly independence, they make up a race that is hard to be matched.

The French peasantry are, in all the essentials of intelligence, and of the worth, indeed, compared with them; and the farmers of England are either the merest jockeys in grain, with few ideas beyond their stables and the market-days;—or, with added cultivation, they lose their independence in a subserviency to some neighbor patron of rank; and separate intelligence makes them no better—nobly as that their brethren of the globe are steeped in farms, and are to be left to their cattle and the grain.

There are English farmers, indeed, who are men to be envied, who read the papers, and who keep the current of the year's intelligence; but such men are the exceptions. In New England, with the school open every third hill-side, and the self-regulating, free-acting church, to watch every valley with its spire, and to wake up every valley with Sabbath-sound, the men become, as a class, bold, intelligent, and honest as the world would make us for her hard roads before a terrible army of defence; and the world did receive terrible action, at all sacrifices.

Frank's grandfather has silver hair, but it still hale, erect, and strong. His frame is honestly, not fleshy. Being a thoroughgoing farmer, he has been busy for the greater part of forty years of his life; and the habit of foreign importation, and makes it a point to spend nothing, except in the purchase of an occasional coffee, in a rather scale of homespun. He has no pride of appearance, and he needs none. He is known as a citizen, throughout the township; and no important measure can be carried without his influence (which is not unopposed); and this from no blind subservience to his opinion, because his farm is large, and he is a rich man—but because he is known to be here in a confidence in his judgment.

He is jealous of none of the prerogatives of the country parson, or of the schoolmaster, or of the village doctor; and although the latter is a lusty politician of the opposite party, I doubt not at all impair the Squire's faith in his counsel—he will like Aristotle, with the same consistency that he solves his victuals.

The day before the Squire's birth-day, and the small-hammer consider the Squire's note of hand for their savings, better than the best bonds of city origin; and they seek his advice in all matters of importance. He is a Justice of the Peace, and his decisions are law in the small village limits: and many are the cruelties, the heart-burnings, the bitterness, the borders of the sea. He farms some fifteen hundred acres, wisely divided, on the old-fashioned agricultural plan, by wood-land, pasture, and tillage. The farm-house, a large, square building with massive chimneys, stands upon a knoll of the hills looking Southward, and is shaded by century-old oaks. The barns and out-buildings are grouped in a decent place, a little to the Northward of the dwelling. Between them, a high timber gate opens upon the scattered pasture lands of the hills: upon one to the, and across the farm-yard, which is the lounging-place of cows, and red-coated turkeys and of matronly hens, clucking to their callow broods, another gate of similar proportions opens upon the wide wooden land which rolls, with a heavy "ground swell," along the valley of a mountain river. A terrace also stands sentinel at the brown meadow gate, in front all scarred with the ruttings ruts of new ground rains, and the limbs garnished to from, one time with the wreathed feather of incense-loss looking scythes.

The high-toned pasture a stoner's throat away; but there is little "music" to be seen; and every chance passer will inevitably some under the range of the kitchen window, and be stoned carefully by the eyes of the stout dairy maid—the say nothing of the stalwart Indian maid.

This last, you cannot but admire as a type of that noble race, among whom your heroine's fancy has woven so many stories of romance. You wonder how she must regard the white in retirement with such a maid; and you think she also bestows the Squire's farming privileges with some modesty than you would suppose. You know, however, that she is very little regard to white rights—other than conflict with her own; and further more, to your deep regret, that your Princess of the old tribe, is sadly addicted to rides shooting, and having lived her own so twice, with a very indistinct "Good-night to-morrow," upon his lips—you dream about her gave very tones.

The Squire, like all very sensible men, has his hobbies, and peculiarities. He has a great contempt, for instance, for all paper money; and imagines banks to be corporative societies, skillfully contrived for the legal plunder of the community. He keeps a supply of silver and gold by him, in the front of an old shocking cool seems to have great confidence in the value of Spanish coined dollars. He has no kind of patience with the new doctrines of farming. Liming, and all the rest, he sets down as mere theories; and has far more respect for the comforts of his old-fashioned farm-house, than for any attempt to be wealthy by improving. Steam-farming, may do very well, he says, "a long like in Yorkshire, where they have no timber;" but as for coal, effective manufacturing, and the like, he would not shut down if any one should ask him to do so. He has a contempt for mechanics, and the last Women by their frames toos." And he is fond of repeating in this connection the old proverb, "Jack of all trades and master of none," and the old saw, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

The Squire has been in his day, connected more or less intimately with Temperance societies, which the attitude of the day have thrown ugly into the last ground; and he retains his old principles, although he would say, upon the good old maxim that "every man is the best judge himself greatly mistakes the nature of the crime, who undertakes to punish it by a penalty." It is but if a mere private offence which it was his prerogative to punish or to overlook? "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" The eternal law of justice are not of our enacting; and no will of ours has little to expand or to repeal them. The real and only demand of Christian magnanimity is, that we visit them with no vengeance, but with mercy. The criminal must be dealt with, no more severely when directed against ourselves, than when we see them at an hour's round distance. But to regard and treat the guilty as if he were an innocent—she is given to us not, as to the omniscient mind, by human nature, at all events, as treasure of rights other than that which each generation of the people, as charged with the interests of successors to posterity—have but a limited privilege of government. The mind is hidden from us, and is then is treason to the world. Even in international arbitration, it is a speak ing of the misery of this matter, and simply affirm that wherever we are government exist, somewhere is the background force and life. It may be difficult to be provided to assess and punished without need; and with the progress of a civilized world, there may be ever widened within which the rule of numbers, with the habits it creates, may be established for the accordance result: till possibly a family of nations may be gathered, like a group of counties, into a common parliament. But this only shifts the camp without disbanding it; and after all, the last tipstaff of your Supreme Court would be no other than the bayonet in a great army. We have, therefore, no more doubt that a war may be right, than that a policeman may be a security to justice, and we object to a fine only as so little as a hundred. A religion which does not include the whole moral law; a moral law which does not embrace all the problems of a community, is a mere mockery to God and to man. Christianity is a religion of humanity, and a man who undertakes to save men to the reformatio, or tyrannical—to the reformatio, or tyrannical—to the reformatio, or tyrannical—